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DESCRIPTION of the famous SALT MINES at WILLISKA, in POLAND.

(Concluded from page 1.)

AT the bottom of the last ladder the stranger is received in a small cavern, walled up, perfectly close on all sides. To encrease the terror of the scene, it is usual for the guide to pretend the utmost terror on the apprehension of his lamp going out, declaring they must perish in the mazes of the mine if it did. When arrived in this dreary chamber, he puts out his light as if by accident, and after much cant, catches the stranger by the hand, and drags him through a narrow creek into the body of the mine, when there bursts at once upon his view, a world, the lustre of which is scarce to be imagined. It is a spacious plain, containing a whole people, a kind of subterraneous republic, with houses, carriages, roads, &c. This is wholly scooped out of one vast bed of salt, which is all a hard rock, as bright and glittering as crystal; and the whole space before him is formed of lofty arched vaults, supported by columns of salt, and roofed and floored with the same, so that the columns, and indeed the whole fabric, seem composed of the purest crystal.

They have many public lights in this place continually burning for the general use, and the blaze of those reflected from every part of the mine, gives a more glittering prospect than any thing above ground can possibly exhibit. Were this the whole beauty of the spot, it were sufficient to attract our wonder; but this is but a small part. The salt (though generally clear and bright as crystal) is in some parts tinged with all the colours of precious stones, as blue, yellow, purple, and green; there are numerous columns wholly composed of these kinds, and they look like masses of rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and sapphires, darting a radiance which the eye can hardly bear, and which has given many people occasion to compare it to the supposed magnificence of heaven.

Besides the variegated forms of these vaults, tables, arches, and columns, which are formed as they dig out the salt for the purpose of keeping up the roof, there is a vast variety of others, grotesque and finely figured, the work of nature, and these are generally of the purest and brightest salt.

The roofs of the arches are in many places full of salt, hanging pendant from the top in the form of icicles, and having all the hues and colours of the rainbow; the walks are covered with various congelations of the same kind, and the very floors, when not too much trodden and battered, are covered with globules of the same sort of beautiful materials.

In various parts of this spacious plain stand the huts of the miners and families, some standing single, and others in clusters like villages. They have very little communication with the world above ground, and many hundreds of people are born, and live all their lives here.

Through the midst of this plain lies the great road to the mouth of the mine. This road is always filled with carriages loaded with masses of salt out of the farther part of the mine, and carrying them to the place where the rope belonging to the wheel receives them. The drivers of these carriages are all merry and singing, and the salt looks like a load of gems. The horses kept here are a very great number, and when once let down, they never see the day-light again; but some of the men take frequent occasions of going up and breathing the fresh air. The instruments principally used by the miners are pick-axes, hammers, and chisels: with these they dig out the salt in forms of huge cylinders, each of many hundred weight. This is found the most convenient method of getting them out of the mine, and as soon as got above ground, they are broken into smaller pieces, and sent to the mills, where they are ground to powder. The finest sort of the salt is frequently cut into toys, and often passes for real crystal. This hard kind makes a great part of the floor of the mine, and what is most surprising of all in the whole place is, that there runs constantly over this, and through a large part of the mine, a spring of fresh water, sufficient to supply the inhabitants and their horses, so that they need not have any from above ground. The horses usually grow blind after they have been some little time in the mine, but they do as well for service afterwards as before. After admiring the wonders of this amazing place, it is no very comfortable remembrance to the stranger, that he is to go back again through the same dismal way he came.

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF INDULGING THE PASSIONS.

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF M. DE LA PALINIÈRE.

Translated from the French.

(Continued from page 3.)

HOW shall I describe my feelings at reading this letter! Oh, Julia! cried I, lovely, adorable woman! Is it possible! O God! Can it be that I have accused you of perfidy!—have done every thing in my power to dishonour you!—have abandoned you! What! a heart so delicate, so noble, did I once possess, and have I lost it! Oh misery! I might have been the happiest of men; I am the most wretched. And can I, in my present circumstances, accept the generous pardon thou offerest! O, no! Better die than so debase myself! No, Julia, though thou mayest truly accuse me of extravagance and injustice, thou never shalt have reason to suspect me of meanness.

Streams of tears ran down my cheeks, while I reasoned thus. I wrote twenty answers, and tore them all: at last I sent the following:

"I admire the noble manner of your proceeding, the sublimity of your mind; and this excess of generosity is not incomprehensible to me. Yes, I conceive all the self-satisfaction of saying, *All which the most tender love can inspire, virtue alone shall make me perform*:—But I will not take advantage of its empire over you—Live free, be happy, forget me.—Adieu! Julia—You have indisputably all the superiority of reason over passion—and yet I have a heart, perhaps, not unworthy of yours."

With this letter I returned the twenty-four thousand livres, ordering it to be told her, that the diamonds having been given at her marriage, were undoubtedly her's; and having once received, she had no right to force them back upon me.

I had now made a sacrifice the most painful; Julia had offered to consecrate her life to me, and I had renounced a happiness without which there was neither happiness nor peace on earth for me. My grief, however, was rather profound than violent; I had offered up felicity at the altar of honour, and that idea, in some measure, supported me. Besides, I did not doubt but my letter would prove to Julia that, notwithstanding all my errors, I yet was worthy of her esteem. The hope of exciting her pity, and especially her regret at parting from me, again animated my heart: I supposed her relenting, and grieved, and the supposition gave me a little ease.

I had lived about a fortnight retired in my lodging near the Luxembourg, when I received an order to depart immediately, and join my regiment. Peace had been declared near a year, and my regiment was in garrison two hundred leagues from Paris. I was one of the most ignorant Colonels in Europe; besides that I still secretly cherished the fond hope Julia was not lost to me for ever; though I perfectly felt I could not recede, nor could she make any further advances, yet I still flattered myself some unforeseen event would again confer a blessing on me which I had never sincerely renounced.

In fact, I could not resolve to quit Paris, and put the intolerable space of two hundred leagues between me and Julia; I wrote therefore to the minister, to obtain leave

of absence, which was refused me, and I instantly threw up my commission.

Thus did I quit the service at five-and-twenty, and thus did passion and folly direct my conduct in all the most important events of life.

This last act of extravagance was the cause of great vexation to me; it increased and completed the difference between me and my Uncle, who was previously very angry with me for rashly separating from my wife: so that I now found myself absolutely forsaken by every person in the world whom most I loved.

At first, indeed, I did not feel the horror of my situation, being solely occupied by one idea, which swallowed up all the rest. I wished to see Julia once more. I imagined, if I could but find any means of appearing suddenly and unexpectedly before her, I should revive some part of the affection she formerly had for me. But I could not ask for her at the convent; for what had I to say? She never went out, and her apartment was in the interior part of the house; how then could I come to the sight of her?

I had a valet, who happened to be acquainted with a cousin of one of the *Tourieres*†. I spoke to this man, and got him to give me a letter for his cousin the *Touriere*, in which I was announced as one of his friends, and steward to a country lady, who wanted to send her daughter to a convent.

Accordingly, at twilight, I wrapped myself up in a great coat, put on an old flouched hat, and went to the convent. The *Touriere* was exactly such a person as I wished; that is, she was exceedingly talkative and communicative. At first I put some vague questions to her, and afterwards said, my mistress was not absolutely determined to send her daughter to a convent; whence I took occasion to ask if they had many boarders.

Oh yes, replied she, and married women too, I assure you. Here my heart beat violently, and she, with a whisper, a smile, and an air of secrecy, added—You must know, Sir, it is this very convent that incloses the beautiful Madame de la Palinière, of whom you have certainly heard so much.

Yes—yes—I have—She is a charming woman.

Charming! Oh beautiful to a degree! It is a great pity!—but it is to be hoped God will grant her the gift of repentance.

Repent! of what?

Sir!—Yes, yes, Sir, it is plain enough you are just come from the country, or you could not ask such a question. So you don't know!

I have heard she had a capricious unjust husband, but—

Oh yes! That to be sure she had; every body talks of his folly and brutality, but that will not excuse her conduct. I hear every thing, and can assure you she is here much against her inclination; nay, she would not have come, had she not dreaded an order for imprisonment.

Imprisonment! Oh! heavens!

† A kind of female runner or turnkey to a convent.

Not for her good behaviour, as you may suppose. Why she is neither suffered to go out, nor see any person whatever, except her nearest relations. Oh! she leads a very melancholy life! You may well think, our Nuns won't have any communication with a wife false to her husband's bed. The very Boarders will not look at her; every body avoids her as they would infection. God forgive her! she must do penance yet: but instead of that, she is playing upon the harpsichord all day long; is as fresh as a rose, and looks better every day: she must be stubborn in sin.

And does not she seem sorrowful?

Not at all; her woman says, she never saw her so contented; for my own part, I am charitable, and hope she may yet be reclaimed, for she has not a bad heart; she is generous and charitable; and yet she has insisted upon having all her fortune restored, and has left her husband in absolute want. You will tell me he is mad and foolish, has ruined himself nobody knows how, and has just suffered the disgrace of being degraded in the army. I own they have taken away his commission; yes, he has lost his regiment; but yet, I say, a husband is a husband. The poor man wrote to her about a month since to beg her assistance, but no! she told him plainly, no! 'Tis very hard though!--I have all these things from the best authority; I don't talk by hearsay; I have been fifteen years in this house, and, I thank my God, nobody could ever say I was a tattler, or a vender of scandal.

The Touriere continued at her own ease praising herself; I had not the power of interruption left. She was loudly called for, kept talking all the way she went, and in a few minutes returned.

It was the relation of a young Novice who takes the veil to-morrow, that wanted me, said she. Ah! now; there; there is a true convert! A call of grace! Gives fifty thousand francs (2082l. Sterling) to the convent! You ought to see the ceremony: our Boarders will all be there, and you can take a peep through the church window.

At what o'clock will it begin?

Three in the afternoon. The Novice is as beautiful as an angel, and is only twenty. Had she not lost her lover and her father in the same year, she would never have attended to the blessed inspiration of the Spirit. How good Providence is to us! Her father died first, and her lover, who was imprisoned at Saumur, about five months after, of a broken heart, as it is thought.

What was his name? cried I, in an agony not to be described.

The Marquis of Clainville, replied the Touriere, and our novice is called Mademoiselle d'Elbene.

This last sentence went with inexpressible torture to my heart. I rose suddenly, and ran out, with an exclamation that threw the Touriere into astonishment and terror.

Arrived at my lodgings, I threw myself upon the sofa, penetrated, torn, and confounded at all that I had heard. The veil was rent away, the illusion passed, I knew at length the extent of my misery; saw to what a point my extravagant conduct had led my wife's

reputation; felt how impossible it was for this innocent victim of my destruction truly to pardon the injury I had done her, by destroying the most precious thing a woman possesses; and owned, that the unjust contempt with which the world treated her, ought incessantly to re-animate her resentment against me its author. To her virtue alone could I now attribute her generous manner of acting.

In fact from the account given by the Touriere, it was evident that Julia, consoled by the testimony of a good conscience, was resigned to her fate, and lived at peace; which she could not continue to do, but by burying my memory in eternal oblivion.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON GOD'S PROVIDENCE IN THE FORMATION OF HIS CREATURES.

WHEN God created man he endowed him with certain principles of action, which distinguished him from the animal or brute creation.---It is a question which involves in it much disquisition and philosophy, whether men were aboriginally white, black, or brown; but the popular opinion with us seems to be, that all men were radically white. We see around us on the face of nature, people of various complexions, some of whom are the sons of science and education; others beclouded by the chilling mists of profound ignorance: Those, however, that are more enlightened presumptuously advance in the face of truth, that they alone are favoured mortals, because of their superiority in the knowledge of things.---Fallacious reasoning!--God is an equal providence, his endowments are not partial but universal. He has given all men equal abilities, which time and circumstance have rendered more conspicuous in some; and if the same opportunities, the same education, the same youthful care and social intercourse had been extended to all---all would have been equally conspicuous. The sons of Ethiopia would vie with the ablest of mankind, we should blush to call them slaves, and attach to their reputation a more becoming appellation. Were I to argue from other deductions, I should justly be accused of an attempt to argue a defect in the God of nature.---impossible!--It may not be improper here to ask the ingenious advocates for opposite principles, what grounds they rest their theory upon. Alive to the feelings of sensibility, with reluctance I anticipate their answer: "*Appearances are the criterion by which we judge!*" Generous Deity! is a whole nation to be imposed upon and bear the shackles of ignominious bondage, because there is an external difference of appearances? I shudder at concomitant reflections! and must suspend the inquiry with deploring their miserable condition if they ever consult their consciences.

LUCIUS.

PINE-STREET, JUNE 28, 1796.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

IF A STORY BE NOT GOOD, SAY 'TIS A DUTCH ONE.—ERASMUS.

A Good Name is better than precious Ointment.—SOLOMON.

'TIS certainly a strange and a ludicrous sentiment—there appears to be such a contrast in the objects—I presume, in former days, ointments were in greater estimation than at present—for it seems to have been as currently talked of as *bank bills* with us.—I recollect his father's wonderful conception, that love and unity were similar to the *precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard that went down to the skirts of his garments*.—I cannot conjecture the reason for their prizing it so highly:—Is this the ointment or oil, pray, that made their kings? Well, admitting it is,—why should it be set along side a *good name*.—We lessen the importance of the noble object by placing it with a trivial one.—The fact is, I believe, Solomon said it because he happened to hear it (like many other things) at home. Does there need much inspiration to raise so noble a thought?—What if he said, a good name is better than 300 wives and 700 concubines—would it not have made an admirable found indeed? Yes, how striking it would have been, had he only said, 'tis better than 1000 stalls of horses—how some *penetrating diving old gentlemen* would have eyed it thro' their spectacles.—But such *trivial things* as a few wives, concubines, or horses extra did not pop into his mind just then. When I recollect how far the Queen of the South came to see his wisdom, and that, in fact, he was acknowledged able to distinguish and divide a hair twixt south and south-west side—I must blush and confess it folly and presumption to smile at him—though I had nothing else to do and cannot sleep;—but truly it would have read so handsomely to me had it been a *good name is better*, far better, (understand me right,) than the best of gingerbread. R. G. W.

EFFECT OF MUSIC.

(From a London Paper.)

THE effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified, during the mourning for the late DUKE of CUMBERLAND: A taylor had a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a very short space of time—among his workmen, there was a fellow who was always singing *Rule Britannia*, and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus.—The taylor made his observations, and found that the flow time of his tune retarded the work, in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler and placing him near the workshop, made him play constantly the lively tune of *Nancy Dawson*.—The design had the proper effect—the taylor's elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.

OBSERVATION.

IT is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION.

OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA*P*A.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 6.)

"BUT, my Lord," he continued, folding his hands, "will you be able to pardon the manifold injuries which you have received from me, if I can convince you that I have been only the tool of greater impostors."

"Speak frankly and without reserve! I will forgive you every thing."

"My Lord!—you are in dreadful hands. That Un-known—"

"Who is he?" I interrupted him impatiently.

"Who he is, I do not know! as sure as I am going to appear before the omniscient searcher of hearts, I do not know it. He always has observed the greatest secrecy on that head. 'I am who I am!' he always replied, when I questioned him on that point, 'and I never am what I seem to be!' Three days before you made your first appearance at the castle of the Countess, he came late at night to the gate, disguised as a beggar, and enquired for me. Supposing that he wanted alms, I gave him a piece of money. He raised a loud laughter, whilst he took a handful of ducats out of his pocket, and put them in mine. 'This is only a prelude to what I am going to do for you,' said he, without paying the least regard to my astonishment, 'if you will assist me in executing a plan which I have formed, without betraying our connection to the Countess.' And what plan is it?" "It is a very innocent one," he replied, "I wish to work some miracles in the castle, and should be glad if you would assist me." "For what purpose?" "I want to make two people happy," was his reply, "the Countess, and a young nobleman, who will arrive within three days. The Countess abandons herself too much to her grief, on account of her deceased husband, and I know no better means to cure her of it, than to banish the dead husband from her heart by a living lover. As a mediator between the Countess and the young nobleman, I must render myself important to both, and for that purpose I must work miracles; if I succeed in getting the sway over their understanding, then I shall easily make myself master of their hearts." He then asked me whether he could rely on me, and if the rest of the servants could not be gained by money? I assured him of my readiness to serve him, and promised to attempt the latter, in which I succeeded. My fellow servants were easily bribed, because they were persuaded that it was a laudable, or at least an innocent undertaking in which they were to be engaged. The cheat which was to be played on you and the Countess was believed to be innocent, as it appeared to be a means of gaining a salutary purpose. To be brief, I informed the Unknown the day following, that all of us were firmly determined to assist him in the execution of his plan; a resolution which he again rewarded with a handful of ducats.

“As soon as the Countess was gone to bed; I introduced the generous stranger to my fellow servants. He soon convinced us that he was no stranger in the castle; for he knew every apartment, and every corner. ‘I was acquainted with the Prince of Ge**,’ he said, ‘the former possessor of the castle. He was extremely fond of physic, and chemistry, and his great skill in these sciences procured him publicly, the name of a man of great learning, and privately that of a forcerer. His rank protected him against the fate which would have been the portion of every body else, if suspected of forcery. He built the castle in this forest, in order to indulge here, without being interrupted by intruding visitors, his inclination for physical and chemical operations, by means of which he frightened many uninvited guests out of the castle. The most extraordinary tricks he played in the last room, on the first floor, which is connected by means of a machine, with a secret apartment on the ground floor. The latter having neither a door or windows, has very likely not yet been discovered by any of the inhabitants of the castle. This is really the case. The *Unknown* demanded a candle, and requested us to follow him. He led us to a wall which we never had noticed. There he took a stone out of the floor, put his arm into the opening, and pushed a part of the wooden wall back. We followed him through the aperture of a small room, where we instantly beheld the machine of which we had been speaking. It consisted of a strong spring, which was connected with a large wooden cone, fitted in the ceiling, and fastened by a bolt. As soon as the bolt was pushed back, and somebody placed himself on the cone in the upper apartment, the spring was pressed down and the person sunk into the lower apartment, between four posts, in the joints of which the cone was sliding down. However as soon as one jumped from the cone, the spring made it snap back by the elastic force into its former place. In order to convince us of it, the *Unknown* mounted up to the ceiling upon a ladder which was in the room, and suspended some heavy weights to hooks which were fastened to the under part of the cone, which made it slide down as soon as he removed the bolt, and was forced up again into its former place, by the elastic force of the spring, as soon as he had taken away the weights. This machine could not be perceived in the upper apartment, the floor of which consisted of cubical squares, resembling in form, colour and position, the moveable cone to which they seemed to be closely joined.

“Besides this machine, he shewed us a crooked tube, which was fixed to the ceiling, and reached down to the middle of the room. This tube, said the *Unknown*, is in communication with the wall of the upper apartment where it ends in the open jaw of one of the lions which are standing in the corner of that room. By means of that tube, one cannot only hear very distinctly in this room what is spoken in the upper apartment, but one hears equally distinctly what one speaks here, without suspecting from whence the voice proceeds. You know, my lord, from your own experi-

“ence how well the *Unknown* knew how to render these machines serviceable to his plan.

“Before the *Unknown* left the castle, he asked me in what apartment the Countess was used to receive strangers? ‘In the room,’ I replied, ‘contiguous to that in the floor of which the moveable cone is fixed.’—He left us with visible marks of satisfaction.

“The next day he came again to the castle, and meeting me at the gate, exclaimed in accents of joy, ‘Tomorrow already we must begin to work miracles. I have invented a plan which cannot miscarry. The young nobleman will come to the castle to-night. Place some lights in the windows of the upper and lower apartments, that he may find his way to the castle, and order the gates to be opened without delay, as soon as you hear him ring the bell. The Countess, who will be gone to bed by that time, cannot see him before tomorrow morning. When you shall have introduced him to her, then you must return to her apartment, after a short interval and deliver this box and the note which I am going to give you, into the hands of the Countess. If you are asked who has brought it, describe me as you have seen me the first time I came to the castle gate. The young nobleman will be desirous to see and to speak to me, but you must tell him that I had left the castle after the box and the note had been delivered. He will order you to pursue me without delay; however, I will save you that trouble, for I shall stay at the castle, and surrender to you as soon as you shall want me. Keep some cords ready, which must be cut asunder and slightly sewn again together. With these cords you must tie me, and charge some of the servants to conduct me to the Countess, pretending that I had refused obstinately to return. Then I shall tear the cords asunder, fly into the adjoining room, and bolt the door after me. Meanwhile you must expect me in the lower apartment and unfasten the bolt beneath the cone, that I may sink down as soon as I shall get upon the latter. When the cone shall have snapt back into its former place, you must be ready to fasten it by means of the bolt. When the Countess and her guest, impatient to seize me, shall force open the door and find the room empty, they will fancy me to be a supernatural being, not being acquainted with the secret of the machine.’

“You know my Lord, how punctually and successfully this design has been put into execution. An accident was the cause of a second more important plan, the execution of which has not been less successful. The *Unknown*, who after his disappearance was listening attentively, in the secret chamber, heard among other discourses, by means of the tube, the prayer which the Countess addressed to him on account of the apparition of her deceased Lord. He reflected a few minutes on the possibility of granting it, and promised to satisfy her wishes. The tube was the channel through which the *Unknown* conveyed his answer to the Countess.”

Seized with astonishment at Raleski's narration, and impatient to hear its continuation, I had not interrupted him once; but now I could not refrain any longer from speaking. “Then Amelia is really innocent?” I ex-

"claimed, "and was not privy to the artifices of the *Unknown*?"

"Not in the least!" Palefski replied, "as I wish to be saved! The Countess is innocent; she has been deceived as well as your Lordship, and probably her faith in the supernatural power of the *Unknown*, is still as firm as it was then."

This declaration lessened my anger at having been deceived in so villainous a manner, I begged Palefski to continue his account.

"Does your Lordship recollect all the particulars of the apparition scene?"

"Yes! I do."

"Well, then I will explain it to you. On the day previous to the magical farce, the *Unknown* told me that he had gained over to our party the brother-in-law of the Countess, who had arrived lately, in order to surprise Amelia unexpected, and promised to set the part of the ghost—"

"Impossible!" I exclaimed, "you must be mistaken. At least you are not speaking of Count Clairville?"

"Yes the very same person who is at present your travelling companion."

A chilly tremor thrilled through my whole frame; my mind measured with a look of horror the time past and present. I beheld myself in the power of two men, one of whom had imposed upon my heart by means of the mask of sincere friendship, and the other upon my understanding, by displaying a shew of pretended supernatural powers, and both of whom were leagued to work upon my credulity, and to make me run into the greatest dangers.

(To be continued.)

A PRODIGY.

THE well-known Mr. George, son to the French governor of St. Domingo, realised all the accomplishments attributed by Boyle and others, particularly the adventurer, to the admirable Crichton of the Scotch. He was so superior at the sword, that there was an edict of the parliament of Paris to make his engagement in any duel actual death. He was the first dancer in the world. He played upon seven different instruments of music beyond the most artists. He spoke twenty-six languages, and could maintain public theses in each. He walked round the various circles of human science like the master of each; and strange to be mentioned to whitemen, he was a Mulatto, and the son of an African mother.

GREATNESS.

GREATNESS conveys so fugitive an idea, that there is no holding it long enough to make a definition: it is like a sun-beam reflected from water, playing upon the walls of an apartment: it gives a momentary splendor to the spot where it falls, and flies away to another and another, but to which it belongs we cannot determine, so as to say it deserves distinction.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

REFLECTIONS.

Occasioned by the very sudden death of Miss MARY BLACKBURN, who expired of an apoplectic fit, on the 4th of July, 1796.

"Record her worth."

HARVEY.

TWENTY years are now complete since America burst the shackles of despotism—pleasures sat smiling on every cheek upon the review of our glorious revolution.—Every freeman's heart seemed inspired with enthusiastic ardour to imitate those brave veterans, who forsook the dear ties of family connection to defend their country's rights, who sacrificed their lives in the glorious cause of liberty. The return of the day was commemorated with heart-felt joy; and amongst a number who were to celebrate the birth of Independence, was one (a female) who had promised herself the pleasure of joining with them. But, alas! how fleeting is the happiness we fondly picture to ourselves. At one moment we appear to have arrived at the very summit of earthly bliss, and at the next we are plunged by cruel fate into the lowest abyss of misery.

O! ye who are sporting in the joys of youth, who are figuring to yourselves the many happy days you, no doubt, expect to see for years to come! who have never taken into consideration that solemn truth that you are born but to die; that your life is like a vapour; that the present hour you can scarcely call your own—it is you I now call upon to read this with attention, to consider that like yourselves MARIA was in the full bloom of youth, health, and beauty—yes, she was in possession of all these, but one hour before her dissolution, and bid fair to live as long as you—Sudden was her departure; in the space of a few minutes how changed the scene!—She whose conversation just before, was wont to inspire every hearer with emulation, lay stretched before our eyes a senseless corpse.—Reflect, kind reader! O seriously reflect on your visionary state of happiness! you are formed of the same materials! it is the same air your breath!—yes! and a similar narrow cell you must also inhabit, and that perhaps shortly too!—It is impossible for you to say that you expect length of days, because you are in full possession of health, as the very next moment may prove how deceitful your expectations were.

O shade of departed innocence, where is it thou dost now inhabit?—art thou one of those that surround the dazzling throne of Nature's God, and employed in adoring the great I AM? It was surely for some wise purpose that Jehovah snatched thee from us. Perhaps he saw the evils to which thou wouldst have been exposed by a longer stay, and therefore thought it expedient to translate thee to a better world.

O death! O thou cruel leveller of man! O thou fell tyrant of our race! O thou king of terrors! why couldst thou not for once have deviated from thy accustomed mode of procedure? Why couldst thou not have passed this fair flower and attacked the couch of feeble age? Methinks thy haggard cheek was never bathed with the tear of pity, or here certainly thou wouldst have relented

O thou great Supreme! O Lord of life and glory,
teach us to be resigned to our loss! may we never mur-
mur at the dispensations of thy Providence, but may we
learn in every trial to be content---and when death shall
summon us hence may it be to never-fading worlds.

MELPOMENUS.

New-York, July 8, 1796.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON JEALOUSY.

OF all the passions which disturb the human mind,
there is none more pernicious in its quality, or more
dreadful in its consequences, than that of jealousy: it is
looked upon; indeed, as the most certain proof of a strong
and violent affection; yet it is such a proof as no one
would wish to experience, since the beloved object is the
greatest sufferer of the parties, by having to partake with
his own, under conscious innocence; a large share in the
unmerited sufferings of others:

New-York, July 9, 1796.

MARS.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening by the Rev Dr. Moore, Captain
TIMOTHY DORGAN, to Miss SALLY JONES, both of this
city.

The 11th. inst. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. EDWARD
BLACKFORD, merchant, of this city, to the agreeable
Miss HANNAH MURRAY, daughter of James Murray,
late of this city, but now of Newark.

On Monday last, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr SAMUEL
CURIEA, to Miss SALLY BOWEN, both of Provi-
dence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The answer of ORLANDO to MELPOMENUS, has been
received, but as we deem the subject uninteresting, and as
personal animosity, seemed to predominate over that cool-
ness which should be observed in discussion, we think it
better to drop the subject---The THREE CORNERED
HAT, by TYRUNCULUS, is received and shall be attended
to.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 3d to the 9th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at				Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.	deg. 100		
JULY 3	72	74	72	deg. 100	sw. s. do.	clear cloudy do.
4	72	80	78		E. s. do.	cloudy clear do.
5	72	81	79	50	s. do. do.	foggy clear do.
6	80	50	87	50	s. sw. do.	clear do. do.
7	76	75	84	75	sw nw sw	clear do. do.
8	80	88	79		w. do. s	clear do. cloudy
9	76	83	80		n. w. nw.	clear do. do.

LINES

Occasioned by the Death of Miss MARY BLACKBURN, who expired of an
apoplectic fit, on the 4th of July, 1796.

"Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
"Tempora Di superi?"

HORACE.

ATTEND, ye thoughtless!—Hear, ye young and gay!
Who cheerly pass the buxom hours away;
And let reflection for a while prevail,
While the sad Muse unfolds her mournful tale:
In pensive strains her solemn numbers flow,
And shew the vanity of all below.

The day that mark'd, in majesty sublime,
The greatest epoch in the rounds of time,
Since hymning angels, in exalted lays,
Proclaim'd *salvation* to our ruin'd race,
Began the east with radiance to adorn,
And joy and gladness usher'd in the morn:
Each heart exulted, every bosom glow'd;
Great *Liberty* inspir'd the son'rous ode;
And while the flame through every patriot burn'd,
Responsive echo *Liberty* return'd.

Now sportive youths in jovial bands combin'd,
In social converse to unbend the mind;
While ruddy nymphs, flush'd with unusual charms,
That rous'd the kindling breast with sweet alarms,
To tuneful airs sung the harmonious lay,
And swell'd the acclamations of the day.

Among the rest, with inoffensive glee,
M^{ARIA} joy'd th' auspicious morn to see:
A lovely virgin, a young charming maid,
In youthful bloom and modesty array'd;
Whose gentle soul ne'er knew the dangerous ways,
Where innocence in paths of error strays:
But in the spotless school of virtue taught,
No other pattern for her conduct sought.
Thus undefil'd the graceful fair one grew,
"Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew."

But lo! while she no fell disaster fear'd,
And to receive her welcome guests prepar'd;
When each warm transport in her breast reviv'd,
The grisly messenger of death arriv'd:
In his cold arms embrac'd the helpless maid,
And number'd her for ever with the dead.

Oh! matchless *crueity*! Thou haggard foe!
Grim king of terrors! Ghastly prince of woe!
Virtue immaculate thus to requite!
And on the innocent to wreak thy spite!
To blast the rose just op'ning into bloom,
And hide its faded glories in the tomb!

O! could I touch, with sympathetic smart,
The tender feelings of the melting heart;
Then would I long on the dire subject dwell,
And the sad verse with gloomy numbers swell:
But 'tis not mine,—I must the task forego,
And let the gushing tear in silence flow.

Rest then, thou gentle spirit, rest in peace;
All jarring *passions* now for ever cease;
No more shall *sickness* thy soft frame invade;
And *grief* and *pain* eternally are fled.
Ere long thy friends, who now thy fate deplore,
Will follow thee and be beheld no more;
And the young hand that pays this tribute, must
Lie down in death, and mingle with the dust.

ETHICUS.

New-York, July 7, 1796.

For the New-York Weekly Magazine.

AN EPISTLE FROM OCTAVIA TO ANTONY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MATILDA.

(Concluded from page 8.)

TOO fleeting moments! now succeed your flight,
Ambitious rivals rise in hostile fight;
Thou fly'st me—fast thy rapid vessel flies,
Snatch'd from my eager, my expiring eyes;
From that dread moment, sad presage and care,
Brood in my heart, my fortitude impair;
My fear of Cleopatra's power renews,
Thy former passion, trembling memory views;
O rise ye winds! and in the deeps below,
Plunge ev'ry bark to avenge a lover's woe;
Th' ingrate whose crimes no more deserve the light,
Death, and the furious pangs of love requite!
Or ah! at least the fatal fleet detain,
From the curs'd region of my rival's reign
The winds, (ye Gods, I fruitlessly implore!)
Already land thee on that hateful shore;
The haughty fair I see, with smiles approve
The pow'rful influence of her captive love;
I see thee adulate her treach'rous charms,
And boast my sufferings, cruel, in her arms;
And when enfeebling transports long controul;
To languid indolence resigns thy soul;
She comes in all her secret arts array'd,
Augments her charms by grief's deceitful aid;
Affects the tenderness of pensive thought,
A mind with doubt and apprehension fraught;
And with her treach'rous sighs and feign'd distress,
Revives the passion lost in calm success;
'Tis thus, that mingling caprices and tears,
Her form still new, still unimpair'd appears;
Thou court'st the error that obscures thy mind,
And think'st thou'rt happy, when thou art but blind.

What strange excess of folly could delight,
When a base triumph dignified thy flight?
A Roman chief assuming Bacchus' name,
Thro' Alexandria, publishes his shame;
In these low arts can I that hero view;
Who once in Rome far different triumphs knew.
Ah! fruitless pains, requited with disdain,
The charms of Egypt all thy soul detain;
In her gay garden, or umbrageous grove,
The Field of War and Fame no more can move.
On flowers reclining in luxurious state,
Rest Cæsar's friend, the avenger of his fate;
While to Octavia sunk in hapless grief,
No spouse, no titles, yield a kind relief:
Rome views my hapless fate with pitying eye,
Pain from her sight, from all mankind I'd fly:
Despair consumes me—and with calm delight,
Thy hate forbids thy palace to my flight.
To all Marcellus' tears and mine proclaim,
Even to Augustus mingled grief and shame;
That infant feels my tears, with fond desire
To sooth my sorrows, prattles of his fire;
Thy cruel mandates all have seen obey'd,
A trophy to thy guilty flame I'm made;

In our misfortunes dost thou pleasure find,
Can grief and joy at once possess thy mind;
But if thy worthless heart more outrage give,
I ought to warn thee, long thou wilt not live:
I speak as wife, I speak as Roman too,
Rome daily loses her respect for you;
The child, she says, that own'd my lost ring care,
Thus with a foreigner his life to share,
And give the sun to see amidst our arms
A stranger Queen display her haughty charms;
Our veteran's to her dastard courts confin'd,
Our standards wave, to love-devices join'd;
Shall these dishonours vile be calmly borne,
Till all the universe regards with scorn;
No: when a Roman proves unworthy breath,
Abridge his shame, or give him instant death.

The people warm, the senate join applause,
Thy crime due vengeance even to Syria draws;
Augustus' rage, the just intent pursues,
To avenge a sister, and a rival lose.
Ah! yet regard the impending danger near,
Hear glory's call, that glory once so dear;
Return to crown Octavia's constant love,
No fierce reproaches thou from her shalt prove;
Though beauty's transient charms no more you see,
Those charms, lamented husband, fled with thee;
The kindness of the wanderer I deplore,
Will to this form each banish'd grace restore:
Could I whom only I desire, retain,
Even Cleopatra's eyes I'd wish to gain.
Thou sigh'st, I triumph—thy relenting soul
For glory form'd, and virtue's blest controul,
Wilt for Marcellus take a father's part,
For him sole solace of his mother's heart.
—What do I say—when you, perhaps, even now
In Cleopatra's arms my ruin vow;
Would to the gods! ah! would the Fates decree
That barbarous fair the lot ordain'd for me;
O may she fall betray'd, and as she dies,
View joy exulting in her lover's eyes:
On her who poison'd all my bliss of life,
A cruel death avenge an injur'd wife.
So perish all who boast such dangerous arms,
Whom Nature ornaments with guilty charms;
To banish faith, conceal a vicious heart,
Or elevate caprice and fraud to art,
The despicable beauties, whose controul,
Destroys the seeds of honour in the soul;
Who glorying o'er illustrious slaves to reign,
Contrive each day to swell the inglorious train;
The blaze of beauty wrap in viewless gloom,
And dress with flow'rs their passage to the tomb:
Forgive this transport; yes, the keenest dart
Should pierce, had I the pow'r, that barbarous heart.
For thee, dear Anthony, live ever blest,
No hostile vows from me thy peace molest.
May Rome behold thee, is my warmest pray'r,
Augustus' rank and the world's empire share:
While I descending to the realms beneath,
Not even the pang of one remorse bequeath.

NEW-YORK, June 26, 1796.

FRAGMENT.

POW'R, wealth, and beauty are a short-liv'd trust;
'Tis virtue only blossoms in the dust.